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CARNEGIE

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VOLUME IV

PITTSBURGH, PA., APRIL 1930

NUMBER 1



THE HON. CHARLOTTE CHETWYND
By JOHN HOPPNER
Lent by Mrs. B. F. Jones Jr.
(See Page 3)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME IV NUMBER 1
APRIL 1930

O how the spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!
—"THE TEMPEST"

—♦—

HOURS OF ADMISSION—ALWAYS FREE

Daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.
Sunday from 1 to 6 P.M.

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From October to July. Every Saturday evening at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock.
—CHARLES HEINROTH, Organist

—♦—

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, HERR VON DEWALL!

A remarkable speech concerning the road to peace in Europe has just been made at Princeton University by Herr Wolf von Dewall, foreign editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in which he declared that the Locarno Treaty has formed the basis for a new Europe. His subject was "An Economic United States of Europe," and he gave credit to M. Briand for following up Locarno, which established peace on the Rhine, with the idea of an economic union of all the states of Europe, and said that this idea has been accepted as a working basis by England, France, and Germany, and is now forcing its way into the political thought of the other European countries. Germany and France, he said, have forever dismissed war from their policies toward each other, and the same understanding must be promoted between Germany and Poland if a disaster is to be averted; while the countries of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire must become again an economic unit because none of them can sustain national life in their present fragmentary condition. He foresaw that the old Europe must pass away—is in fact now passing away—and that a new Europe based upon peace and economic cooperation is actually in process of organization. It was a philosophic address which has attracted general attention in this country, while in Europe it is being hailed as a sound vision of the future, because it embodies the idea of peace with prosperity upon which the aspirations of the people there have been fondly established.

An index to Volume III is included with this issue of the Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY TREE

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

DEAR CARNEGIE:

By this post I am sending to the United States Department of Agriculture a number of unrooted cuttings from the mulberry tree at New Place Gardens which is a scion of the tree said to have been planted by Shakespeare himself.

I hope that you will be able to raise one or more of them successfully.

—FREDERICK C. WELLSTOOD
Secretary and Librarian, the Trustees and
Guardian of Shakespeare's Birthplace

[The poet's birthday will be celebrated as usual by the Shakespeare Birthday Club of Pittsburgh on April 23 at the Carnegie Institute, and the planting of this mulberry tree from New Place Gardens will be one of the notable features.]

There is nothing in all education of more intrinsic need than education in beauty.

—ROBERT BRIDGES

EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS

THE Carnegie Institute takes pride in the paintings of its Permanent Collection and tries at all times to keep the collection intact on the walls of the galleries. When a part of the collection is made to give way to a special exhibition, one may be sure that the reason is deemed an important one and justifiable.

At the present time, and until May 1, the paintings of the Permanent Collection in Gallery Number Two have been removed, and in their place is a loan collection of paintings by Old Masters.

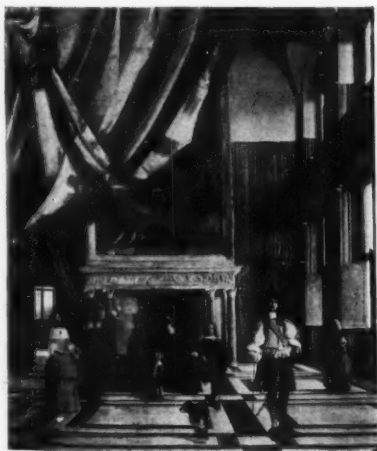
The thirty-three paintings in the gallery represent a period of about four hundred years in the history of the art, and illustrate in part the story of painting almost from its outset to the point at which the Carnegie Institute Permanent Collection begins. When one takes, for example, "The Mass of St. Gregory," by Andrea di Niccolo of the fifteenth century, and contrasts it with the broadly painted "Portrait of the Sculptor, Paul Lemoyne," by Ingres, done



LT. COL. THE HON. EDMUND NUGENT
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

in 1819, so modern in feeling, it might be thought that a greater length of time has elapsed, and yet it is surprising how well all these canvases hang together. Indeed, there is a sense of harmony, serenity, and continuity throughout. There is no rampant individualism, and yet the visitor is conscious that he is face to face with some of the great painters of the past. Whatever may be the difference in time and nationality, the art that is represented here might very well be characterized as "humanistic, traditional, and socially available."

The collection may be classified in general as early Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and eighteenth-century English school of portraiture. Notable examples of the early Italian school are "Madonna and Child," by Filippino Lippi; "St. Dominic," by Giovanni Bellini; "Madonna and Child with the Angels," by Pier Francesco Fiorentino; "Portrait of a Young Woman," by Perugino; and "The Mass of St. Gregory," by Andrea



BURGOMASTER'S ROOM
BY PIETER DE HOOGH



MADONNA AND CHILD
BY FILIPPINO LIPPI



MRS. JAMES MONTEITH
BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN



PORTRAIT OF A LADY
BY LUCAS CRANACH, THE ELDER



PORTRAIT OF A MAN
BY JEAN DE COURT

di Niccolo. The "Madonna and Child," by Lippi, is one of his distinctive early works executed under the direct influence of Botticelli. The intimate portrait of St. Dominic, by Bellini, is pervaded by a sense of quiet contemplation and its serenity is enhanced by the stillness and beauty of the background. In Perugino's exquisite "Portrait of a Young Woman" one sees the delicate ivory of the flesh tones and that sentiment of piety so characteristic of the Umbrian school. Andrea di Niccolo, in his "The Mass of St. Gregory," shows the distinct influence of Byzantine art. Religious emotion is expressed by subtle effect of line, pure color, and scrupulous technique.

Of the Dutch school there is one portrait each by Rembrandt and Nicolaes Maes, an interior by Pieter de Hooch, and a landscape by Hobbema. Of the Flemish school there are three paintings by Peter Paul Rubens. His "Portrait of Anton Trieste, Archbishop of Ghent" is one of the notable things in the exhibition. It was painted about 1625—the time of the artist's greatest period of activity—and recalls very distinctly the famous portrait of Innocent X, by Velázquez, which was not painted until some years later. Rubens' "Portrait of Michel Ophoven" is a rare study in which the great colorist limits himself almost exclusively to blacks and whites.

Rubens and his pupil Van Dyck carry the visitor along logically to the eighteenth-century English school of portraiture. Here Thomas Gainsborough is seen at his very best in his full-length portrait of Lieutenant Colonel the Honorable Edmund Nugent. It is a superb piece of characterization. "The Honorable Charlotte Chetwynd," by John Hoppner, shows the full-length figure of a little girl standing in the landscape and facing the spectator. It is delightful in color and reflects all the charm that is associated with childhood. "Captain William Kirkpatrick," by George Romney, is a splendid portrait of a young British officer. It is

striking in color and pleasing in pose and arrangement. Sir Thomas Lawrence is represented by an attractive portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Siddons. John Singleton Copley, who is one of the connecting links between the British and American schools, is represented by his Gainsboroughlike "Portrait of Captain Robert Orme," and for Pittsburghers this painting has more than an artistic interest, as the officer was General Braddock's aide-de-camp in the attempt to lay siege to Fort Duquesne.

The collection is brought in touch with contemporary art by the "Portrait of the Sculptor, Paul Lemoyne," by Ingres. It shows the head and shoulders of a young man, turned slightly to the left but facing the spectator, with brown eyes, dark brown hair, and side whiskers, and wearing a soft white pleated shirt with a large collar, open at the neck. It is fine in craftsmanship and done with dash and vigor. With its eager, almost feverish, expression, it carries one away from the reposeful British school of portraiture and foretells of days to come.

The Carnegie Institute is deeply indebted to Duveen Brothers, the Ehrich Galleries, the Gallery of P. Jackson Higgs, M. Knoedler and Company, John Levy Galleries, Reinhardt Galleries, and to Mrs. B. F. Jones Jr. It is their generosity in lending some of their finest paintings that has made possible the exhibition.

AN AMERICAN IDEAL

The test of the rightfulness of our decisions must be whether we have sustained and advanced the ideals of the American people; self-government in its foundations of local government; justice whether to the individual or to the group; ordered liberty; freedom from domination; open opportunity and equality of opportunity; the initiative and individuality of our people; prosperity and the lessening of poverty; freedom of public opinion; education; advancement of knowledge; the growth of the religious spirit; the tolerance of all faiths; the foundations of the home; and the advancement of peace.

—HERBERT HOOVER

The most desirable life is a splendid and continuous procession from youth to the grave.

—DISRAELI

SECRETARY MELLON'S BIRTHDAY

[Pittsburgh's first citizen, Andrew W. Mellon, attained his seventy-fifth birthday on March 24, 1930, and putting aside for the moment his great responsibilities of his position as Secretary of the Treasury, he came to Pittsburgh to be the guest of honor at a private dinner given to him by a group of his Pittsburgh friends. When many kindly and appreciative things had been said, Mr. Mellon made a response—modest, unassuming, and characteristic—which is here printed in full.]



I AM indeed greatly touched by this evidence of your friendship and regard. While I cannot believe that I am deserving of all the kind things that have been said of me this evening, I would rather have them

said by you, who are my friends and associates and have known me all my life, than by any other gathering of men anywhere. The friendship which you have always shown me is deeply appreciated and I thank you for this happy occasion which you have so generously arranged to mark my birthday.

When I look back, I realize that the world into which I was born in 1855 was a very different place from the one we know today. Pittsburgh itself was a city of less than 50,000 people. Life in those days was on a more simple scale than now.

Then came the Civil War and great changes. Forces which had long been held in check rushed forward and in less than half a century transformed the country from a pioneering and agricultural nation into one in which the predominant interests were manufacturing and trade. It was this period which saw the rise of great industries. Most important of all, it saw the rise of steel. The Bessemer process had been brought to this country in 1864 and, under such leaders as Carnegie, Phipps, Frick, Schwab, Jones, and later Gary, steel-making expanded with great rapidity. In less than twenty-five years America,

along with the rest of the civilized world, passed from an iron to a steel basis; and with this transformation came great social and economic changes.

One of the first industries to feel the new trend toward integration was oil. The first oil well had been discovered near Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859, so that this great industry has come into existence entirely within my own lifetime. Of primary importance to Pittsburgh were developments in the coal industry. From the early days coal had been mined in the Pittsburgh region, largely for shipment by river to Southern markets; but it was not until the expansion of the railroads that it attained production on a large scale. The H. C. Frick Company was one of the first great producers of coke and was always the largest factor in the industry.

Another industry which centered in the Pittsburgh district and has arisen since the Civil War is aluminum. Glass is still another industry which has always been important to Pittsburgh, and the growth of this industry has kept pace with the others. In 1869 the Heinz Company was founded and became one of the pioneers in large-scale production of prepared foodstuffs. The great Westinghouse industries had their beginning in this same year, the year after Mr. George Westinghouse invented the air brake.

I remember well the consternation caused by the failure of Jay Cooke and Company. Everyone knew that credit was inflated, that railroads were being overbuilt, that expansion had gone ahead too rapidly; but no one was prepared for the extent or severity of the crash when it finally came. The news of Jay Cooke's failure was like a financial

thunderbolt. It made plain to every one the fact that the aggregate indebtedness of the business world was far too great to be liquidated out of any available capital. The banks in Pittsburgh stood up well under the strain, but here as everywhere there was a succession of failures, because nothing could be realized on values and everyone was demanding payment.

The effects of the panic were felt for years afterwards. In Pittsburgh and elsewhere the value of real estate subsided slowly and it was not until 1877 that it touched bottom. As the winter of 1874-75 came on, long bread lines formed in the cities. There were serious labor troubles, due to unemployment and reduction in wages, which caused riots, especially among workers on the railroads. In 1877 the great railway strike took place. The Baltimore riot occurred on July 20 and was followed by similar trouble in Pittsburgh the next day. I remember the excitement caused by the burning of the Union Station and grain elevator here by rioters. It was followed by looting of the cars in the yards and also attempts to sack the city, which were finally stopped by the police and the militia. After that, things quieted down and the city became normal again; but during these years there were labor troubles, culminating in the great Homestead Strike in 1892.

Many of the troubles which business men faced during this period could be traced to the inadequacy of the country's banking structure. The panic of 1873 was largely a money panic such as could not likely occur today. This was true also of the panics of 1893 and 1907, which called attention forcibly to the need of reform of the banking system.

As one looks back over the entire period, the economic developments of the last seventy-five years have been so vast and have brought about such far-reaching changes in our daily lives that it is difficult to come to any conclusions about them. Each generation is prone to think that it is living in an era of fundamental change. But certainly the

immense material progress since the Civil War, not to speak of progress along other lines, has carried mankind forward, not backward, and has raised the whole plane of civilization to a higher level.

What has been accomplished, it seems to me, in the period which we have been considering is that the average person in this country now commands the means of a comfortable subsistence, to a greater extent and with less effort than ever before in the history of the world. I do not mean to say that we have attained equality of opportunity. No nation ever has attained it. But here in America, if we have not yet achieved that aim toward which we have been striving, at least we are on the way toward realizing it eventually, nor have we any reason to be dissatisfied with our present rate of progress.

The opportunities which have so vastly increased in the last generation are only the forerunners of others, and perhaps greater ones, which will come as the result of forces now at work and those constantly being discovered.

Someone once asked me in what age I would prefer to have lived. I answered that I would not exchange the period in which I have lived—and I may add, the circle of friends among whom my lot has been cast—for any other in the world's history. I have seen come about most of those changes in our national life of which I have been speaking. Life has been, and still is, both full and interesting; and I shall go, when the time comes, "as a satisfied guest from life's banquet." But, if I were given the opportunity to exchange my own period of time for any other, I would choose, without hesitation, the next three-quarters of a century and, needless to add, I would live it in America, and preferably in Pittsburgh.

A CHAPEL WITHIN THE HEART

A man may yield himself to the supremacy of conscience, God ruling within, as Cicero calls it. He then builds a chapel to God in his heart, and can have recourse thereto at any hour of the day, however he be situated.

SELECTIONS OF PAINTINGS FROM THE PHILLIPS MEMORIAL GALLERY

[Duncan Phillips is a Pittsburgher by birth, a son of Major Duncan Clinch Phillips and of Eliza Irwin Laughlin and a grandson of James Laughlin, one of the founders of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company. Years of study and travel in Europe and the Orient have provided him with an enviable literary and artistic background. He is the author and coauthor of many books, articles, and monographs, and is at present editing a new magazine, "Art and Understanding," and his newest book, "The Artist Sees Differently," will soon be released. Mr. Phillips is the founder and director of the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, D. C., whose fine collections are the inspiration for much of his writings. Selections of paintings from this Gallery can be seen at the Institute until May 19.]

THE Phillips Memorial Gallery differs from the usual type of public museum. Its constant aim is to interpret the many-mindedness of modern art and the consistently differing manifestations of the spirit of research and experiment so characteristic of our age. But our affirmative attitude is strictly nonpartisan, for all its tolerance and open-mindedness. We are not propagandist for any school but rather advocates of independence for the artist from all dogma and formula. The Collection, which now contains over five hundred paintings, is guided in its growth by a definite policy of supporting many methods of seeing and painting.

There are excellent reasons why collectors of taste limit themselves to one chosen school. They feel that its tenets express their personal preferences and convictions and they fear that the admission of alien influences might disturb and distract them, introducing an element of discord into what had been a happy family on their walls. For a small collection there is no question as to the validity of such reasons for limiting one's choice to artists of closely related method and purpose. When, however, a large collection is formed we are dealing not with a family but with a world in miniature. Only on a most superficial view are differences in art irreconcilable and impossible to fuse. Really good things can always be brought together in one room with such a stimulating result that we only realize more vividly than ever the universality of art, how like it is to our

world and its invigorating clash and necessary fusion of different and even antagonistic elements.

The bane of impassioned preferences and convictions among artists, critics, and collectors is the burning issue of intolerance. The traditionalist likes a picture for the very reason that a modernist despises it—because it is an echo of the more familiar past. Familiarity of aspect bores the champion of creative adventure but is the password to acceptance with the guardians of the sanctity of standardized art. Why there should be this violent partisanship in regard to the artist's point of view is almost inexplicable. In life we are not quite so rabid in our demands that all men shall see and think exactly alike and according to one set of ideas or another.

The policy of the Phillips Memorial Gallery is to choose the best representative painting as well as the best subjective designing and to do honor to both—interpreting each artist's individuality and intention and discovering that, if he has no recognizable individuality or intention—then he must be a negligible and servile follower of some school for inculcating a new dogma.

Fashions in art change rather too rapidly. At present the modernists are coming into general fame and fortune. Soon "the modernist note" will be required. The Academy and the institutions dominated by it are always hostile to a new phase of art but only as long as it is unfamiliar. As soon as the new ideas have taken hold of the public



START OF A REVOLUTION, BY ROBERT SPENCER

mind, it is easy to witness the commercial popularization and standardization which make formulas acceptable for general use and for academic sanction. Sargentism, Impressionism, and Cézannism have been successive fashions. Soon painting may become abstract—the ancient pattern-making instinct of man becoming paramount to his instinct for representation. We may then expect a period of collectivism in art—of applied design arbitrarily stylized with conventions no longer frowned at by conservative authorities.

The Phillips Memorial Gallery is as much opposed to such a consummation as it is to the intolerance of painting which is not anatomically or botanically realistic. Our interest in experiment is based on a belief that we should be as sympathetic to change and progress in art as in science. We stand for open-mindedness and tolerance of different points of view, for the cultivation of intelligent enjoyment of the intentions of artists and the varied qualities of their work which reveal them as

individuals especially gifted with sight and skill.

This little exhibition is less important in itself than as a challenge to thought. The group is not at all homogeneous. Members of the National Academy of Design may be startled to find themselves forced into association with outsiders and even more startled to find that those outsiders are not such rowdies as they had supposed. I suspect that they will be pleased to see how well their pictures stand the test of such proximity. In an age when art's signposts point in such diametrically different directions than we had been taught to travel, it is just as well to have it understood that although new avenues have been opened for traffic, the old roads are still good. The difference is that they lead us back to the past; whereas the new roads lead on into the future.

The canvases here assembled are not the most important in the Phillips Memorial Collection. Some are far more interesting than others. Hardly more

than three or four are painted in any one manner. Several nationalities are mingled. How to hang such a mixed lot together is one of the most difficult problems of the museum director. Yet it is one of his most necessary functions. Usually no attempt is made to fuse the discordant elements in such a situation—to bring any semblance of order out of the confusion of different temperaments and intentions. The emphasis of mixed international exhibitions is therefore upon that really nonesthetic consideration, the artist's nationality. This permits the segregation of artists into geographical and racial specimens of the genus man. Interesting and instructive, of course. But how much more significant to combine them so that the pictures can be judged as works of art, and relative values or esthetic qualities estimated with convenient comparisons.

The walls of a room where pictures both radical and conservative, both foreign and native, are to hang together must be regarded as component parts of a scheme of decoration to be composed in color, mass, and line as a painter composes, out of the chaos of nature's elements, his pattern and his picture.

If in such an exhibition we will open our minds to each work and to each human being back of it, we will recognize, as never before, the wonder of individual sensibility. Then if we will come at last to the point of grudgingly admitting that these units can be organized into a more complex whole, we will realize anew the problems and the solutions of a social order which must deal with human beings whose unique qualities must never be leveled flat by the steam roller of a machine age.

Individualism must go on if we really want to keep our souls alive and intact. It is the clash of contending forces which makes change and progress possible and which affords eternally those magnetic attractions and those dynamic contacts which are the propulsive and eventually the integrating forces of life and of its flowering in art.

MARVIN F. SCAIFE MEMORIAL PAINTING

THE Carnegie Institute has just received through a bequest of the late Lois E. Scaife a painting, "Peasant Interior" by David Teniers, the Younger, given in memory of Miss Scaife's brother, Marvin F. Scaife.

The painting is on a small wooden panel, measuring only 12 by 15 inches. It shows the quaint interior of a country-inn wine cellar, in which a man and woman in the right foreground are seated at a table drinking, while above them an old lady peers in through a window. On the left is a group of four



PEASANT INTERIOR

BY DAVID TENIERS, THE YOUNGER

men before a fireplace, one of whom is seated on a cask, and beyond, coming in through the open door, is a man carrying a jug. The composition gives a high note of conviviality and the joy of life. The whole painting is done in cool soft browns and whites.

David Teniers, the Younger, was born in Antwerp in 1610, and died at Perch near Brussels in 1690. He was a pupil of his father, David Teniers, the Elder, but it is said that after he left his father's studio, he studied with Rubens. Teniers painted nearly every kind of subject, but those in which he excelled especially were scenes taken from humble peasant life.

The panel is now on exhibition in the Permanent Collection.

VENEZUELA—A LAND OF CONTRASTS

By M. GRAHAM NETTING, *Assistant Curator of Herpetology*

[Mr. Netting, a young scientist with a Bachelor's degree from the University of Pittsburgh and a Master's from the University of Michigan, has already attained recognition as a thorough student of that special branch of natural history which holds his interest. He has published the results of his research and has described forms of reptiles and amphibians new to science in the Museum annals and in other volumes. Harold J. Clement, the other member of the Venezuelan expedition, is a skilled taxidermist and experienced field man. Mr. Clement and Mr. Netting were gone about five months.]



CHAPMAN, in the introduction to his recent and delightful book, "My Tropical Air Castle," describes the lure of the tropics in a more accurate fashion, I believe, than any previous writer. "For my own northern

woods and fields I have the affection born of long and close association," he writes, "but they lack the romance, the mystery, the enchantment, the inexhaustible possibilities of tropical forests and swamps. One forms a lasting and intimate friendship with Nature in the North, but falls hopelessly in love with her in the South. But even while she lures, she repels; and perhaps herein lies her endless fascination. One is never quite sure of her. Her most winsome aspect may be deceptive, or it may be a dream of rare delight."

Thus some of us go to the tropics ostensibly for birds, reptiles, or other scientific pursuits, but in reality because the pot of gold which we seek is the romance of jungle and mountain, the fascination of pitting our ingenuity and feeble weapons against Nature in the places where she is most ruthless. Rarely can we satisfy our desire to reach untrampled soil, but we can retrace the footprints of the great naturalists who have preceded us; we can gaze upon the same vistas which they saw and which they described in such refulgent phrases that as children we

vowed we would stand upon the identical peaks to view the same sea of unbroken jungle; and with better equipment we may be able to add stories to the skyscrapers of knowledge which they began to build.

Therefore, on that afternoon last October when Mr. Clement and I sat on our duffle bags in a Caracas warehouse, it was quite natural that we should choose Mr. Turumiquire, which Humboldt had tried to climb more than a century earlier, as our objective. From the streets we could hear the raucous-voiced venders of popsicles and lottery tickets crying their wares, scattered about us was the litter of cotton, tow, and miscellaneous equipment which every expedition requires, while descending on us, like a melodious blanket of vibration, came the sound of tolling bells from countless churches. But we were oblivious to all these stimuli, for our imaginations were racing over the vast area from Caracas east to Trinidad, from the rocky north coast to the muddy Orinoco, trying to locate a collecting ground for the next four months. It was then that we decided to turn eastward to the complex of mountain ranges upon which the twin peaks to Turumiquire cast their shadows.

Lying in a windswept valley at an elevation of three thousand feet, Caracas and its equable climate are a joy to the traveler. Mountain peaks lose themselves in ever-changing clouds on either side of the valley, and the gleaming expanse of red-tiled roofs is relieved by pylonlike cabbage palms and the bare spars of tree cacti. Fresh from the bustling but flimsily built towns of the



MR. CLEMENT OVERSEEING THE PACKING OF BURROS

West Indies, the sturdy, thick-walled buildings of the Venezuelan capital proved a pleasant surprise. Even the iron-barred windows are romantic and practical; for Venezuelan society sanctions the behavior of the señoritas who cast mimosa glances through the bars, or converse politely with any peripatetic stranger who chooses to loiter.

Late in October we left the cool streets of Caracas, eternally ringing with myriad hoof beats, for dapper carriages display their occupants to better advantage than low-slung and fast-moving automobiles. We chose, however, the more modern conveyance for the two-hours' ride down to La Guaira, the hot port on the coast. The automobile road between the capital and the seaport is one of the most beautiful mountain roads in the Americas, particularly during the dry season, when distant thorn bushes and cacti appear mauve-colored and the valleys are splashed with the scarlet of immortelles, but its curves are so numerous and so rapidly negotiated by the native drivers that many tourists become actually seasick. The two places are connected as well by a railroad which provides more scenic surprises and affords a finer view of the coast line because of its steeper gradient,

but which is avoided, foolishly, by many travelers who have heard this road characterized—perniciously but persistently—as the most dangerous in the world, a statement traditionally credited to de Lesseps, the Belgian engineer of Panama Canal fame. As an evidence of the high organization of the Venezuelan police I might say that every traveler must sign his name at two sentry stations during the trip

from Caracas to La Guaira.

The following evening we sailed on the little coastwise steamer "Colon," leaving behind us the magnificent arc of palm-fringed coast which sweeps from Capa Blanca, the leper colony on the west, to the sea-grape trees along the promenade of Macuto on the east. Two days later we landed at Cumaná,



MR. NETTING GEARED FOR THE TRAIL

where, one hundred and thirty years earlier, Humboldt first set foot on the South American mainland. Cumaná suffered a disastrous earthquake and a quickly quelled revolution during 1929, and the sun-baked plain with its piles of wreckage and its bullet-scarred buildings was not impressive. But we remembered that it was the second oldest continuous European settlement in the New World, antedating Jamestown by more than eighty years, and that great Spanish galleons rode at anchor in the harbor of Nuevo Toledo before the North American plains had been broken to the plow.

Here we loaded our baggage into a truck and bumped along southward over the only highway serving that vast area, already full of mudholes,



CARACAS VIEWED FROM THE HILL OF CALVARY

which was in danger of being washed from the hillsides by the continuous rains. The road ended disconsolately after forty miles of struggle and the town of Cumanacoa became, of necessity, our base of supplies. Here we experienced for the first time the rigorous chastisement of altitude changes. Frequently we rode through the cane fields of the valley after sunrise, climbed tortuous mountain trails under a blistering sun, viewed the serpentine, bamboo-shaded streams, two thousand feet below us, at midday, and then rode onward through pouring rain with our burros sliding and straining, our mules falling on slippery clay until nightfall, when we shivered in a tiny hut with only nearby coffee bushes for a wind-break. Thick Venezuelan coffee added its modicum of comfort, but Couéism is useless when warm blankets are with a pack train far behind and when the cigarettes are hopelessly water-soaked.

After a week in a camp we began to know and to appreciate the daily routine of the mountains. As soon as the morning sun had driven the mist from the valleys, bearded howling monkeys loudly denied the implication of their name by roaring their morning chorus; a solitary cassique with creamy bill and streaming yellow tail hurried overhead



SERVING HEINZ' 57 VARIETIES

to a noisy rendezvous in an orange tree; and then came the flocks of noisy parrots—cotoritas, catanas, or carapicas—flying two by two toward their feeding grounds across the valley. Thus the sunny mornings passed with countless humming birds zooming between banana blooms, and with gorgeous butterflies fluttering to the yellow, daisylike flowers of those tall bushes which are so aptly named mirasol—"behold the sun." Shortly after noon, however, the daily rain began to wall in our hut with curtains of mist and to silence the voices of the nemoral animals. Within two hours great waterfalls would gush into existence along the steep slopes and add their roar to the noise of the downpour. About five o'clock the rains gave way to a pseudo-twilight or a few moments of sunshine while white mist raced up the valley sides, like billows of steam. Then, the bell-like calls of maratis, large pheasantlike guans, began in a nearby tree.

The practice of "jack-lighting" animals is frowned upon by many game commissions in this country, but to the tropical collector no method is more important and few are so interesting. We found that we could save a great amount of time by remembering that two ruby eyes which faded as we approached belonged to a toad of which we had sufficient specimens, but that red eyes which glowed with increasing brilliancy as we drew near belonged to a desirable frog. Thousands of green dots along a stream bank testified to the presence of countless spiders and two red pin points very close together were merely the eyes of a moth which was engaged in unfolding its moist wings. And whenever we saw what appeared to be a glowing cigarette-butt on the road we realized that we were watching one eye of a tropical whip-poor-will, which is well named "wait in the road." Or our headlights might pick up the cream-colored bellies of rotund rats, busily eating oranges high overhead, or the wheeling silhouettes of bats and guacharos, or oil-birds, as they

snatched the pulpy fruits on the wing.

An American sportsman, well-equipped with rifles and dogs, would find varied and interesting hunting in Venezuela. Small South American white-tailed deer, and even smaller brockets hide in the well-nigh impenetrable thickets; peccaries dart across the trail with amazing speed, and agoutis and pacas wander along the stream banks. The ocelot, or tigre, adds its screams to the nocturnal chorus; and the leon, or puma, slinks by unseen in quest of a chicken. Yet the upland valleys hold the greatest prizes; for here the jaguar roams unmolested, and fat tapirs munch their succulent food. Unfortunately, we carried no rifles and the skinning table with its continuous litter of unskinned birds and dead reptiles was such a hard taskmaster that we were unable to hunt deer or tapir. Yet both of us dream of returning to the cold heights to secure a tapir group for the Carnegie Museum.

Now we are home in Pittsburgh. We have come back to the luxury of shower baths, to meat which lacks the dubious seasoning of chilled shot, to steaks in place of iguana hash, and—most wonderful of all—to water which brings no visions of pythogenic diseases and which is more thirst-quenching than molasses-tainted wine. The Carnegie Museum has thousands of specimens of mammals, birds, reptiles, and insects for its collections, and we have our memories. We remember the glory of hundreds of green parrots among the orange flowers of great trees, the stupidity of little poui-poui which came in increasing hordes as we shot them, and we cannot forget the odors of markets or the sight of natives happily munching human parasites. Yet the orchids now cover trees and rocks with banks of loveliness, the mangoes are turning orange, the kin-kin still hurls his feathery galaxy of colors at an unsuspecting lizard; so I for one, will go back to pestilential swamps and fetid jungle until the stern Red Gods call for my final report.

WILLIAM GILLETTE—A LIVING LEGEND

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

[The CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, always ready to do anything in its power to vitalize and sustain the legitimate theater, is glad to give space to this article on one of the great departing figures of the stage. Mr. Hamilton is the author of many books on the theater and chairman of the Pulitzer prize drama jury, and he presents here some interesting sidelights on his famous friend, William Gillette, who is to make his final appearance in Pittsburgh during the week beginning May 5.]

Lucky is the person who becomes a legend in his lifetime, for people pass away and are forgotten but legends cannot die; and to see oneself transmuted to a legend is to enjoy a foretaste of immortality.

The veteran actor, William Gillette, who this season, in his seventy-fifth year, is making a farewell tour of the leading cities of this country, has already received in city after city such plaudits as have rarely been accorded to any artist on the stage; yet these ovations, in themselves, would afford him no assurance that he would be remembered a century from now. Though a man may, in his lifetime, have risen to the presidency of the United States, he will, in fifty years, become as dead as James K. Polk or James Buchanan unless his actual image is transmuted by the popular imagination into a legendary figure. Lincoln lives because he is a legend; while Andrew Johnson, who survived him on this earth, has been dead and done for ever since he died.

It is, of course, traditional that an actor's work dies with him and that nothing can survive him but the mention of his name. Yet, though William Gillette may make his final bow this



WILLIAM GILLETTE AS "SHERLOCK HOLMES"

DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

season on the stage, he will by no means make his exit from the memory of men.

Throughout the 1880's, Mr. Gillette—in his triple capacity as dramatist, as actor, and as producing director—worked himself into a commanding position in the American theater. At the same time Dr. (now Sir Arthur) Conan Doyle, on

the other side of the Atlantic, conceived—from certain hints from Edgar Allan Poe and from certain traits of an actual scientist in Edinburgh—the legendary figure of the great detective, Sherlock Holmes.

In "A Study in Scarlet," which was the earliest story of Dr. Doyle's in which Sherlock Holmes appeared as the central character, the great detective was described as follows: "In height he was rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing; and his thin, hawklike nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision. His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of determination. His hands were possessed of extraordinary delicacy of touch."

This description, written several years

before Dr. Doyle had ever heard of the existence of William Gillette, fitted the physical peculiarities of the actor with the exactness of a police-court record; and the character of Sherlock Holmes, moreover, was precisely suited to the actor's temperament. Consequently, toward the close of the 1890's, Mr. Gillette sought the permission of Dr. Doyle to borrow the figure of the great detective and to build a play around him.

The play, entitled "Sherlock Holmes," was not a dramatization of any existing story by Dr. Doyle. It was a new invention, created directly for the stage by William Gillette in his capacity as playwright. It was written in California; and the novelist, from whom the leading figure had been borrowed, never saw the manuscript until it was completed.

When William Gillette first appeared upon the stage as Sherlock Holmes in 1899, it became at once apparent that here was one of the rare instances in history of the perfect identification of an actor with a part. Thenceforward, it was no longer possible to think of Sherlock Holmes except in terms of William Gillette, nor, indeed, to think of William Gillette except in terms of Sherlock Holmes. After two solid seasons in America, the actor-playwright took the play to London and played it for two solid seasons on the other side of the Atlantic.

At the same time, one of the ablest illustrators in America, Frederic Dorr Steele, adopted the face and figure of William Gillette as the basis for his illustrations of all the subsequent stories of Sherlock Holmes which, through the course of several years, were written and published by Dr. Doyle. In this instance, we find a rare case of unintentional collaboration between practitioners of three very different arts—a story-writer who imaged a fictitious character, an actor who gave the character a flesh and blood embodiment, and an illustrator who presented a visual record of this embodiment to

hundreds of thousands of people who had never enjoyed the privilege of seeing Mr. Gillette's impersonation on the stage.

Writing to William Gillette at the outset of his current tour of farewell to the stage, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle remarked, "You make the poor hero of the anemic printed page a very limp object as compared with the glamour of your own personality which you infuse into his stage presentment." And, by the graphic artistry of Frederic Dorr Steele, this glamour has already been suggested to millions of people, all around the rolling world, who have never been privileged to see William Gillette with their own eyes, on the stage.

By this curious falling out of circumstances, it has become an unquestionable fact that Sherlock Holmes is by far the most widely known figure in all contemporary fiction; and since William Gillette has become completely identified with Sherlock Holmes, the actor is already known and will later be remembered by countless people who have never seen him in the flesh.

MUSEUM RADIO TALKS

[Broadcast over WCAE on Monday and Thursday evenings from 7:15 to 7:30 under the sponsorship of the Educational Section of the Carnegie Museum.]

- APRIL 21—"The Beaver," by B. H. Kettelkamp, instructor in Zoology, University of Pittsburgh.
- APRIL 24—"Nature Photography," by Norman McClintock, photonaturalist, University of Pittsburgh.
- APRIL 28—"Reptiles," by William Darrah, forestry authority, Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce.
- MAY 1—"Virginia White-tailed Deer," by William C. Grimm, student, University of Pittsburgh.
- MAY 5—"Talks on Birds by a Layman," by O. C. Reiter, president, the Audubon Society of Pittsburgh.
- MAY 8—"The Weasel Family," by William LeRoy Black, student, University of Pittsburgh.
- MAY 12—"To be announced."
- MAY 15—"Oyster Fishing," by Dr. Stanley T. Brooks, custodian in Invertebrate Zoology, Carnegie Museum.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD

WHAT are you so intent upon so early in the morning, Penelope?" called the Gardener, as he swung to his garden gate.

"Come and see for yourself, Jason. I am too fascinated with looking to stop to tell you," called back Penelope, who was examining a morning-glory vine with rapt attention.

So Jason, always delighted to share in any interest that caught Penelope's fancy, hastened to a sunny spot by the old garden wall, where he found the object of her curiosity was a spider web glistening with dew.

"It reminds me of nothing so much as snow crystals or perhaps lace for a fairy's wedding veil," exclaimed Penelope, breathless with the fragile wonder of it.

"Yes, it is truly a marvelous bit of delicacy, but I am far more impressed by its creator," replied Jason.

"Its creator?" questioned Penelope. "I could hardly say that I would allow myself to be impressed by an insignificant spider that knows no better than to unravel itself for a living!"

"Such scorn would warm Minerva's heart, for that's exactly the way she wanted us mortals to feel about hapless Arachne—"

"Minerva? Arachne?" interrupted Penelope. "Who were they, please, and what in the

world do they have to do with the spinning of webs?"

"A great deal, my dear, as you shall presently find out if you are in the proper mood for a story," answered Jason, the spinner of tales.

It would be a dull day indeed if Penelope were not ready to listen to a story, and certainly a strange Garden if Jason were not willing to oblige, so—

"Now, Minerva, you must know, was the goddess of wisdom, in the fullness of which she acted as patroness of the useful and ornamental arts—such as agriculture and navigation for the men; and spinning, weaving, and needlework for the women. Minerva made much of her wisdom, and so she might, for she once won the city of Athens as a prize for outwitting Neptune in a contest between them as to who should produce the gift most useful to mortals. Neptune gave the horse because he thought it would be such a boon to man in carrying forth war, but Minerva was a modern spirit and gave the olive, whose

flowered groves were a joy to Greece and an object of peaceful pursuit there. And if you will recall, the olive is to this very day the symbol of peace."

"But I thought that you were going to tell me about some person with the queer name of Arachne," reminded the irrepressible Penelope.



"Minerva's next competition—and again a successful one," continued Jason, chastening Penelope with a gentle look, "was with a mortal maid called Arachne, whose supreme pride led to her destruction."

At the sound of the name of Arachne, Penelope settled down to listen more contentedly.

"Now, Arachne had one supreme accomplishment, but that she did so exceedingly well that she needed no other talent to carry her fame throughout her country. She wove and embroidered with such consummate skill that the very nymphs left their enchanted groves and fountains to watch her guide her magic shuttle. And so it was soon noised about that no mere maid could possess such mastery and she must therefore be the pupil of the gifted Minerva, goddess—as you remember, of weaving. This hurt Arachne's conceit, and so she promptly denied the rumor and in the confidence of her vanity challenged Minerva to test her spinning prowess against her own."

"Good for Arachne!" commented Penelope, "I wouldn't have given Minerva the credit, either."

"Perhaps not, Penelope, but she might have done well to bear in mind that she was competing with one who was superhuman," reasoned her storyteller.

"Such a rash dare soon found its way to the goddess—probably some gossipy nymph spread the tidings—who was angered beyond tolerance. She appeared at once before Arachne in the guise of an old dame and warned her to withdraw her statement and seek forgiveness. Arachne, in fine haughtiness, refused; whereupon, Minerva disclosed her true identity and no more opportunity was given to retract her foolish claim. And so a great weaving match was begun. All gathered round to see a display of workmanship of such terrifying loveliness as had never been seen before or since. Minerva wove into her cloth the story of her victory over Neptune—a lesson to the vain Arachne of

the like fate that awaited her. Arachne, not to be outdone, filled her web with pictures chosen expressly to represent the failings and the errors of the immortals. Truly, the onlookers could not judge which was the more marvelous—"

"I would have liked Arachne's better just on general principles," threw in the sympathetic Penelope.

"Even Minerva could not help admiring the craft of this young maid, but when she glanced at her web and saw the impertinence of her illustrations, unable to endure it, she struck the web with her shuttle, and rent it in pieces! Arachne at last realized her insuperable defeat and so hanged herself.

"But Minerva's vengeance was not yet satisfied, for as she saw her suspended, she pronounced upon her a curse that she should live forever, and that she and all her descendants must always hang thus. Then she sprinkled some potent juices upon the poor spinner, and straightway her hair, her nose, and her ears came off. Her form shrank up, and her head grew small; her ten fingers clung to her sides and served for spindly legs. All the rest of her body, from which she spins her gossamer thread and often swings suspended by it, is in the very same attitude as at the moment when Minerva transformed her into a spider."

The first gift this month to be planted in the fruitful soil of the Garden of Gold was a check for \$5,000 from a lady who requested that her name be not published. Her family have made frequent visits to the Carnegie Institute with donations of their energy, intellect, and money and this gift goes into the Endowment Fund to be doubled by the Carnegie Corporation of New York in 1936, when it will become \$10,000.

The members of the Library staff and other friends who worked with John H. Leete, first dean of the College of Engineering of the Carnegie Institute of Technology and former director of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, have



JOHN H. LEETE

subscribed a fund of \$200 for memorial books on the subject of higher mathematics. This decision was made because Dr. Leete had been particularly interested in this field. It is the intention of the donors to keep the capital sum intact, using only the income for the purchase of these books, so that the gift will be a perpetual fountain of memory for one who endeared himself to all those who came within the magnetism of his teaching and example.

The untimely death of Judge Richard W. Martin was the occasion for the presentation to the Carnegie Library of \$50 by Judge Martin's associates of the Common Pleas and Orphan's Courts for the purchase of books for the Pennsylvania Room in his memory. To this fund the Pittsburgh Legal Journal added \$10. This beautiful custom, which was inaugurated by Mrs. James R. Macfarlane, is growing in popularity as an enduring method of remembering departed friends.



RICHARD W. MARTIN

VISITOR'S NIGHT AT TECH

ON April 25, from 7:30 to 10:30 P.M. the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in accordance with its annual custom, will throw open its doors to the general public. This is the twenty-fourth exhibition of the School, and the event will be marked by special displays in the various shops, laboratories,

and studios of the several colleges. Musical recitals and scenes from plays will be given in the Little Theater.

Among the unusual features of the exhibition will be a retreat parade presented by the Reserve Officers Training Corps regiment at 6:30 P.M., on the campus adjoining the Morewood Avenue Entrance, with the Kiltie Band playing; an Italian village square in the Industries Building, replacing the furnished bungalow of previous years; a wind tunnel for the testing of model aircraft structures in operation in Machinery Hall; small model dams with river beds, shore, and water flow all worked out on a fixed scale in the hydraulics research laboratory; a concert by the Kiltie Band in the gymnasium; and a swimming exhibition in the Pool.

JAMES R. MELLON'S LIBRARY GIFT TO PALATKA

ON April 4 the Larimer Memorial Library was formally dedicated and presented to the town of Palatka, Florida, by James R. Mellon, of Pittsburgh, in memory of his wife, Rachael Hughey Larimer, who passed away some eleven years ago.

Mr. Mellon has made Palatka his place of winter residence for the past forty-seven years, so that his interest in the town and in its cultural development is the result of a long-standing friendship. In this time he and Mrs. Mellon have identified themselves with the resort in every good cause and have made the warmth of their kindly presence so felt that they have endeared themselves to the entire community.

This beautiful Library will serve as a lasting reminder of Mr. and Mrs. Mellon's life and associations in the South for almost half a century. The dedication was marked by a holiday in which the entire population of Palatka took part.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviews of John van Druten's "After All" and A. Kingsley Porter's "The Virgin and the Clerk" Given in the Tech Little Theater

BY E. MARTIN BROWNE, *Assistant Professor of Drama*



THE writer has been privileged to make first productions this year of two plays, both of considerable interest. They are so widely different that it may seem strange to treat them together; yet as

they fall together in the schedule of the Little Theater some points of contrast and similarity between them emerge, which prove unexpectedly suggestive.

"After All" is the latest play of a young English writer who rose to fame in his twenties with "Young Woodley." Mr. van Druten has won unstinted praise from good critics for his series of plays, which have revealed at once a mastery of the theater and a depth of sympathetic observation unusual in so young a man. "After All" has been seen in England but never before in America. It would seem to be essentially English, yet at the first reading one after another of the American auditors exclaimed, "That's just like my home!" For the play is really a study of a universal subject—family life; and this is in its essentials the same in every civilized nation. Mr. van Druten has made his play conform to the rhythm of home life and move in a cycle, which is described in the final scene by the young father: "They've got to grow up, and we've got to grow old." We see at the outset the just-grown-up brother and sister rebelling against the bonds of their home, refusing to stay tied to the apron strings. The little things irritate them most

sharply; the eternal parental questions and injunctions: "Have you got your key, dear? Don't make a noise when you come in." The bonds chafe sorely when Ralph, the boy, has a chance to live with his artist friend, and past endurance when the girl, Phyl, falls in love—truly and deeply in love—with a married man. They both break them, but they break their father's heart in doing so. He, poor, faithful, harrassed soul, leaves his son the most arduous of tasks in the care of his mother—alone, and like so many women, without a life of her own, because she has given all—too much by far—to her children. He does it very ill, with many pricks of conscience. After his mother's death he himself marries unhappily, choosing a wife, Greta, from the Bohemian circle to whom he thinks he belongs, while his heart is really that of a family man. And so the wheel comes full circle. Divorced, he comes to the happy home of his sister, married to her man at last and with four children. "I want a home of my own," he tells her. "I want children, too. I suppose I shall lecture them about using the place as a hotel, for bed and breakfast, and they'll want to get away . . . and then be sorry . . . as I am. Oh, well . . . after all . . . I suppose we all come to it . . . to want it, anyway." And we hear Phyl, now materfamilias, call to her husband as he goes out, "Got your key, darling?"

At that the audience gives a great, satisfied laugh. How true, how delectably true, of all of us, they feel! An unchangeable quality in human nature, this family instinct. Irritating always; yet "we all come to it . . . to want it, anyway." For here is that which makes us men and women—this care,

this forethought, this power of educating our successors. They must needs kick against us—so is progress made; but as Gilbert Murray says of Greek civilization, "The best traditions make the best rebels; and . . . the greatest triumph that any tradition can accomplish is to rear noble and worthy rebels against itself."

This play is the work of a man of the theater. He knows how to develop to the full the possibilities of his theme and situation, while being economical of cast and settings. Each of the people he draws is fully rounded, even those who appear but once. Players find a delightful satisfaction in the portrayal of such thoroughly live characters, and audiences go away with a satisfied smile.

"The Virgin and the Clerk" is the product of the leisure hours of one of



FATHER AND DAUGHTER—"AFTER ALL"

America's foremost scholars. Dr. Kingsley Porter is Boardman Professor of the Fine Arts at Harvard University, whose Fine Arts Department is one of the pillars of American education. His knowledge of medieval lore is unrivaled.

It has entertained him to take a few famous medieval legends and make plays out of them. He has no theatrical experience, and has indeed never paid much heed to the possibility of seeing his work on the stage. Consequently, it does not conform in all respects to the practical needs of the theater: this play, for example, demands a large cast and a series of six settings and yet proves a short evening's entertainment. But here lies the advantage of such an institution as the Drama Department at Tech. Practical considerations do not need to be uppermost here, and it is possible to produce the play. This is something of a service to the cause of



MOTHER AND SON—"AFTER ALL"



PHOTO BY FRANK MASON

THEOPHILUS AND THE ARCHIVIST

theatrical art for, as was to be expected from its author, it is a distinguished and distinctive piece of work. His sensitiveness to beauty and truth fills the play with noble and pregnant thought, and the polish of his style gives it many passages of exquisite dialogue. Its theme is that one which most occupies the minds of all who observe the twentieth century—the conflict of the soul of man with the power of his own material creations.

The play is a satire, its medieval trappings thinly concealing the contemporary application, which emerges in many a piece of delicate comedy—for example, the scene at the Antique Dealer's shop. Theophilus, a spiritual man, refuses a bishopric to write a hymn to the Virgin, to whom his whole soul is dedicated.

In his stead, Fortunatus, a successful materialist—the double of many a business magnate—is elected. Embittered by the ill-treatment he and his friend receive from the new bishop, Theophilus sells his soul to the Devil—in the form of an astute merchant. Once more successful through the acquisition of a priceless relic, Theophilus is, however, utterly miserable; for—as he tells his friend—if you have a soul, "try as you will, you can never sell it all." He is offered the crown of success—the Papacy—and refuses it; whereupon the Virgin, by a delightful piece of casuistry, outwits the Devil and restores to him his soul. With delicious irony the play ends with an exhibition of the full pomp of Fortunatus who, destined to be Pope, will once more torment his rival. And now, is Theophilus right or wrong? "If you do not fight," he is told, "what is hateful will win." "But if I fight, I become what I hate." Is not that the puzzle of all life? The Virgin, all-wise, expresses it in her last line: "Does an artist paint snow-mountains solid white?"

This was given by the freshman class.



PHOTO BY R. W. SLEATH

SCENE FROM "THE VIRGIN AND THE CLERK"—STUDENT PLAYERS

OUR THIRD BIRTHDAY

WITH the appearance of this number, the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE enters upon its fourth year. The Magazine has sought to give out from month to month a faithful reflection of the interests and movements current in a great Institute—one that embraces so many divisions: a Fine Arts Department, a Museum, a Music Hall, a Library and Library School, and a great Technology School—each of which in a broad way supplements all the others in composing one of the most diversified institutions in the world. Thus the Magazine has forecast and recorded the presence of art exhibitions, the opening of new nature groups, several gifts of memorial books, many activities in Carnegie Tech, and so on—always with the thought of holding and enlarging the interest of the people of Pittsburgh in this rallying ground of the cultural life of the city.

The Magazine, in its editorials, its discussions, and its articles has been tempted to touch the limits of life and thought; for so prolific and varied were the philanthropic enterprises of Mr. Carnegie that they furnish an unbounded scope of human activity. He advocated the altruistic viewpoint at all times—the international mind, the solidarity of nations, the helping hand to the underprivileged, the loving heart toward all mankind.

And the results of all this, as portrayed in the Magazine, have been most gratifying. Pittsburghers have listened to the statements of the financial needs of the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Institute of Technology with responsive ear. As proof of this, the Patrons Art Fund has added two new memberships to its roll of honor and has thus brought the total to \$190,000. Mrs. David Lindsay Gillespie and Miss Mabel Lindsay Gillespie have given a subscription in memory of David Lindsay Gillespie, and B. G. Follansbee has

taken out the other, making nineteen all told in this group of art patrons, who, by the payment of \$10,000 at a rate of \$1,000 annually, have provided a fund for the purchase of pictures and other works of art for the permanent collections. The complete list as it now stands follows: Edward H. Bindley; Paul Block; George W. Crawford; B. G. Follansbee; Mrs. William N. Frew, in memory of William N. Frew; Mrs. David Lindsay Gillespie and Mabel Lindsay Gillespie, in memory of David Lindsay Gillespie; Howard Heinz; Mary L. Jackson, in memory of her brother John Beard Jackson; George Lauder; Willis F. McCook; Andrew W. Mellon; R. B. Mellon; W. L. Mellon; F. F. Nicola; Mrs. John L. Porter; Mrs. Henry R. Rea; William H. Robinson; Emil Winter; Mrs. Joseph R. Woodwell and Mrs. James D. Hailman, in memory of Joseph R. Woodwell.

The Garden of Gold has continued to set down the gifts that flourish in its golden surroundings. Figures speak eloquently and so we present these as a gauge of our financial progress: from the inauguration of the Magazine in April, 1927, until April, 1929, \$275,434.56 was recorded, of which the Institute received \$170,045 and Carnegie Tech received \$105,389.56. This money in the case of the Institute is matched dollar for dollar up to a stated amount in 1936 by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, and in the case of Tech draws two dollars for one in 1946, we to raise \$4,000,000, for which the Corporation will give \$8,000,000, so that the final value of these gifts is much in excess of the present sums. During the past Magazine year \$305,558.46 has been contributed—exceeding the total recorded for the previous two-year period—of which \$191,895.44 was given to the Institute and \$113,663.02 to Tech. The gifts acknowledged from April, 1929, to April, 1930, follow:

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

Emil Winter	\$25,000.00
Anonymous	50,000.00
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Anonymous	100.00
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Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Com- pany	5,000.00
Mining and Metallurgy Department	3,192.70
C. I. T. Alumni Federation—Loyalty Bonds	2,332.00

Costume Economics, Margaret Morri- son Carnegie College	100.00
Herbert DuPuy	25,000.00
Frank J. Lanahan	952.65
Edward E. McDonald	30.00

CARNEGIE LIBRARY

Shady Side Academy for Memorial Books	10.00
Augustus K. Oliver for Memorial Books	10.00
Marcus Aaron for Memorial Books	10.00
Frank J. Lanahan for Memorial Books	10.00
Judge and Mrs. James R. Macfarlane for Memorial Books	7.50
Horace S. Edwards, Raymond Price, John Dewar, Clark Miller, David I. McCahill, Chester J. Nicholas, John S. Hunter, and James W. Macfarlane for Memorial Books	40.00

THE DIPLODOCUS GOES TO MEXICO

DR. WILLIAM J. HOLLAND, director emeritus of the Carnegie Museum, left on April 2 with Louis Coggeshall, chief preparator in the section of paleontology, for Mexico City to supervise the installation of a diplodocus in the National Museum of Mexico and to attend the ceremonies marking its acceptance by the Mexican Government from Mrs. Carnegie and the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

This reproduction, prepared under Dr. Holland's direction, is the ninth to be copied here and sent out from Pittsburgh as an emissary of Carnegie goodwill to the national museums of England, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Russia, Spain, and Argentina.

As all well-tutored Pittsburghers know, this majestic and impressive representative of Jurassic times was exhumed in 1899-1900 in the dinosaur quarries of Sheep Creek, Wyoming, and its ancient bed was explored by the paleontological staff of the Carnegie Museum, resulting in some very important contributions to scientific knowledge.

NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL ART EXHIBIT

THE third National High School Art Exhibit, which opens at the Carnegie Institute on April 25 and closes on May 18, represents the best work in art being done today in American secondary schools. The 400 pieces included in the Exhibit are the survivors of over 5,000 submitted from all parts of the country, and these in turn were the choice of many local elimination contests.

The Exhibit is conducted and sponsored by the publishers of *The Scholastic*, the national high-school magazine, as part of the Scholastic Awards, an annual group of prizes amounting to \$4,500 offered to high-school students for the encouragement of creative effort in literature and the visual and plastic arts.

The Art Jury which selected the material for the National Exhibit consisted of Dr.

Andrey Avinoff, director of the Carnegie Museum; Will S. Taylor, head of the Art Department, Brown University; Karl S. Bolander, director of the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts; C. Valentine Kirby, director of Art Education of the State of Pennsylvania; and Royal B. Farnum, educational director of the Rhode Island School of Design.

The great variety of arts and crafts appearing in the Exhibit reflects a relentless experimental activity on the part of the youthful artists. The range sweeps from the simplicity of the cave pictures to modern impressionism, and from conventional reproduction to pieces of exciting originality, worked in numerous mediums. Carvings are

done in wood, soap, metal, clay, and stone. Textiles are employed in batik scarfs, rope rugs, and decorative tapestries. Metals are worked into plates, shields, book ends, and jewelry.

The designs show an unusual range and diversity in student imaginations. Patterns suggested by natural backgrounds of animals, flowers, and fish

have a popular rival in the lines and masses seen in bridges, skyscrapers, airplanes, and mills. Others express intricate mathematical exercises in geometrical figures or they find an elemental appeal in fluid masses and colors. An equal versatility is demonstrated in pottery, which progresses from the simple vase to complicated figures of men and animals. Aztec pottery, an art in which that civilization excelled, finds a number of willing

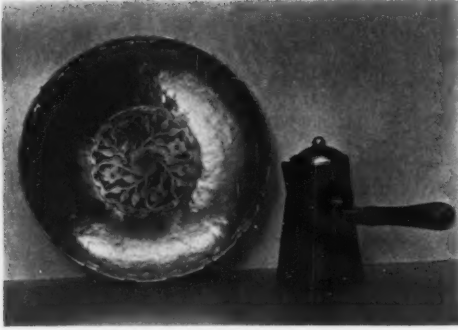
imitators in the high schools, and they are no less diligent in the study of ancient Indian schemes of design.

In all the groups there are two distinct tendencies which American culture has always needed: an eagerness to express the present living America, and a recognition of the cultural treasures that flourished on the continent before the arrival of the Europeans.

The variety of form and plot found in the Exhibit is increased by the wide geographical distribution of the entrants. Not only is almost every State in the Union represented but there are also formidable delegations from the territories, even from the Philippines. Although it is often customary to think



WINNING PORTRAIT IN PASTELS



WINNING PIECES OF METALWORK

of cultural America as centered in the East, the sections of the country represented here by first-rate art such as the mountainous or agrarian sections of Montana, Minnesota, Kansas, and Arizona give an agreeable picture of the new cultural scene.

Two characteristics of the Scholastic Awards—the universal response and the versatility of the entries—seem to be a positive sign that they are touching the spark to the highly volatile ingredients of youth. Almost any artist can testify that the strongest urge for individual self-expression comes frequently at the high-school age. If juvenile talents have been smothered in the past, it is probable that they lacked not only the right training but also proper recognition and sympathetic encouragement. The annual Scholastic Awards are an important influence in fostering this individual development in the students. How much this competition has had to do with the growing interest of the high schools in expressive arts, it is hard to say; but certainly the

national importance which has become attached to the Awards in the six years since they have existed measures, in a degree, the extent of their influence.

The universality of their appeal makes the Scholastic Awards not so much the benefactor of young genius: rather it is the nature of the Awards that they stir the latent cultural interests of the rank and file and magnify for them the beauties of their environment. The boys and girls of the public schools, instead of emerging as

if stamped by a factory, bear some of the decorative marks with which workers embellish finer things, and the softening and refining hand that gives them this individual finish is their own. Participation in or only an interested scrutiny of the Awards must give the young mind some clue to the joys of grace and beauty.

Although it is almost inevitable that the Awards uncover some rare talents in the high schools, their purpose is not to patronize sporadic genius. The Awards are intended to infuse appreciation of the forms of art in the average student, following the belief that appreciation of an art is best learned by the practice of the art itself through the actual creation of it.



POTTERY MADE BY HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS

THE LOCKHART WHALING RELICS

AMONG the relics of American pioneer days on the granite-ribbed coasts of New England, none is more reminiscent of adventure than the gear of the rough-and-ready whalers. In those days, before we had discovered great streams of petroleum flowing beneath our feet, whaling was a lucrative industry from which many a seafaring colonist derived much valued "oyle." The sighting of a whale—be it a sperm or a right, a bowhead or a humpback, a sulphurbottom or a finback—was then not merely a curiosity, but a moment for wild struggle.

Through the gift of James H. Lockhart, a trustee of the Institute, the Museum has just placed on display thirty-one pieces of old whaling gear, all of which have seen actual service on famous barks—the Bertha, the Andrew Hicks, The Logan, the Janus, the Wanderer, the Hecla, the Falcon, and the Polly—all of New Bedford, once known throughout the world as the greatest of whaling ports.

Many a sailor whose seamanship, courage, and reckless daring contributed much to our early success in naval battles of the American Revolution trained on these barks. These men were the forerunners of America's great foreign trade, for the first time that the American flag was unfurled in a British port it snapped in the wind of the English Channel at a whaler's masthead—the first time it waved on the western coast of South America it was aloft to a whaleship's truck. Indeed, no sea was too broad for the whalers to cross; no land too distant or forbidding for them to explore. Wherever there were seas to sail—the ice floes of the Arctic, the wastes of the Antarctic, the uncharted shores of the Pacific—there you might have found some crew intent upon lubber and lancing.

Besides their spouting sea prey, these whalers returned with news of the four

corners, with enthusiasm born of sporting encounters, with new ways to master the sea. It was the reports of whalers that lured Wilkes on his famous explorations, and years before Perry opened the doors of Japan to commerce, the whalers had visited the Japanese shores. To a Nantucket whaling captain goes the credit of first sketching the Gulf Stream and its course, and this rude drawing, engraved for Benjamin Franklin, revolutionized English-American trade.

Whaling was a serious calling and a fine expression of the sturdy American frontier spirit but it is no longer a notable industry in the United States. No more will men renew the fight at the words, "A dead whale or a stove boat," or thrill at the shout, "Thar she blows!" For half a century the fate of the Yankee whalemén has been sealed, but they have died hard, and as their ancestors battled with the elements and frenzied Moby Dicks, the last of the whalemén have fought courageously against the overwhelming odds of modern progress and civilization.

The following relics of those days preserved in Mr. Lockhart's gift will serve to remind us of that period in New England history: harpoons, long spades, darting guns, deck and boat spades, blubber forks and hooks, loggerhead, try-works poker, barrel gauge, mincing knives, spy glass, mast hoops, a very rare crotch for holding the killing lances, a seven-inch dead eye, a sextant inscribed with the name of the captain, paddles, rudder and tiller, waif flag, and a barrel light.

In this connection it might be interesting to the whaling student to observe the mammoth jawbone of a sperm whale on exhibition in the Museum. The great cachalot from which this jaw—almost 17 feet in length—was taken was captured in the Pacific in 1894, and yielded 117 barrels of oil.



JAPANESE EXCLUSION

WHEN the question of Japanese exclusion was up in the United States Senate, the Nichiren sect of the Buddhists sent a special representative to America to tell President Coolidge how the Japanese nation felt. He arrived just at the time of the death of the President's son and courteously declined to press an interview on Mr. Coolidge, but left with him this expression of counsel to the Japanese people which was then being published throughout the Japanese empire:

Believing as we do in the ultimate triumph of love and tolerance, it is our prayer that our countrymen will not permit political incidents or disagreements between the United States and Japan to interfere with their appreciation of all that their best friend has done for them.

The first thing that is needed in an hour like this among us in Japan is the spirit of penitence, the spirit of prayer, that we may examine ourselves and see whether we had been walking in the path of justice and tolerance. We who believe in the supremacy of love cannot believe that the people of America, the greatest Christian people in the world, will ever stray from the teachings of the great Saviour.

If Congress had continued to permit the very limited immigration which had existed for many years under certain diplomatic documents comprising what is known as "The Gentlemen's Agreement," the result would have permitted the entry into this country of not more than one hundred and twenty-two Japanese each year. When we compare the small total of all Japanese now in this country, being less than 112,000

with the 12,000,000 Negro population now here, the assertion of any yellow menace to the white blood stream seems to be an absurdity. The Gentlemen's Agreement would have been continued if the Senate had not lost its head over an untactful remark made by a former Japanese ambassador. It should now be restored.

WANTED—A FOREIGN POLICY

WHAT this country needs most is a sound foreign policy. The American people cherish an active desire for cooperation as a good neighbor with every aspiration of the Old World to establish a lasting basis of peace. Yet when any measure such as the Kellogg-Briand Pact is presented for our participation, the Senate treats it with truculence and contempt. For more than thirty years the best minds in this country have urged the foundation of an international court of justice. At last the Root Formula makes it possible for us to take our place with the other nations in all legitimate adjustments of controversies, while holding the door open to our withdrawal from the court without prejudice if and when our interests are jeopardized. But the Senate is intolerably suspicious.

We are now asked whether, in the event of the occurrence of a European dispute presaging another war, we would take part in an inquiry and a conference designed to avert disaster; and our public men have rejected such a

proposal with scorn, falling back, as always, upon the outworn caution against entangling alliances. These spokesmen forget the appeal of Sir Edward Grey, a few days before the outbreak of the World War, for a conference of ambassadors, which was rejected by the militant powers, and which, if it had been granted, would have been efficacious in dissolving the fatal ultimatum of Austria.

Another war fought under the developing methods of the present day would consume the world as by a great conflagration, and a nation as mighty as our own in power and interest has a right and a duty of demanding the preservation of peace by a warning to any international belligerents—"A plague o' both your houses!"

Senator Knox, a wise man who was both cautious and jealous in his care of American prestige, offered this resolution in the Senate in 1919, which was adopted as a part of the Republican National Platform in 1920: "If a situation should arise in which any power should directly or indirectly menace the freedom and peace of Europe, the United States would regard such situation with grave concern as a menace to its own freedom and peace, and would consult with other powers with a view to concerted action for the removal of such menace."

There we are! There is a clear view that any great war in Europe would inevitably bring us into its destructive clutch. Yet when Senator Knox's proposal is repeated at London, Senator Borah, noted beyond any man in public life today for the negative and destructive powers of his intellect, makes the heavens ring with his protests, and the Hearst newspapers print their scandalous "Come Home" editorials, so shocking to our country, so humiliating to our delegates, and so offensive to all the foreign diplomats.

If the probability of a war between two or more of the great nations of the world should become manifest, would it not be an obligation of conscience to

exhaust every effort through conference, conciliation, arbitration, and solemn warning to compel the principals to avoid the strife?

Our people cherish sentiments of peace and friendship for all the world, and they will always oppose a quarrel that will lead to the slaughter of a whole race of men having no interest whatever in any war anywhere. To this end they believe that war should be outlawed, and that militarism, conquest, and imperialism should be banished from the policies and purposes of mankind.

CUTTING DOWN THE SCHOOL AGE

PRESIDENT LOWELL has thrown a hammer into the educational machine. We like hammer-throwers, and whether it is the educational, legal, medical, financial, religious, or political machine, a hammer thrown into it now and then will almost always result in some sort of reconstruction that improves the output.

Dr. Lowell says that the boys are too old when they get to college. They used to enter at the age of seventeen, and now they come in at nineteen. He proposes to cut or crowd the preparatory work so that they can enter college at least six months earlier than now. It is a good idea.

But why not go further with this reform? Why not lengthen out the school year all the way from the beginning of the preparatory course to the finish at college, so that, instead of continuing the present midyear vacation of three or even four months, there shall be but one month's vacation, and eleven months of study?

We hear a loud shout of "No!" from the professors. They will say that they need three months every year to restore their nerves and replenish their mental reservoirs. But do they? The men in business and in the professions have their nerves frayed just about as much as do those in the teaching profession; and the progress of the world would

come to a sudden stop if they were to lay off from work for one third of the time each year. As for replenishing the mental reservoirs, we have yet to learn of any professor in the world who has ever spent his summer in anything but fishing—and one month is enough for that. And as for the time that would be taken from the vacations of the children, that would be wholly to their advantage, keeping them out of mischief and relieving the parents of the eternal question of what to do with them until school reopens.

It has already been shown at Harvard and at Yale that an intensified course of instruction running through three years is ample time for most of the classes, and if the preparatory and college years were thus lengthened into eleven months, the boys, entering college at eighteen, would be graduated and get into their work at twenty-one. They would then be ready to take up the study of life in the world at large. What great school will be the first to shatter this ancient but fallacious tradition, by giving to our younger generation an efficient and close-knit education condensed into an easily available period that is now wasted in idleness?

LECTURES

[The lectures announced below are free to the people.]

CARNEGIE UNION at 8:30 P.M.

APRIL 30—"Psychrometry and its Industrial Use of Air," by Willis H. Carrier, president of the Carrier Engineering Corporation.

MAY 15—"Bridge Foundations," by Ralph Modjeski, consulting engineer, of New York City.

MAY 16—"Bridge Superstructures," by Ralph Modjeski.

LIFE

So to live and so to think that those about us will have more courage and self-sacrifice and larger and truer vision of what is required of man—these things are more important than all the scientific principles we can discover or all the material results we can achieve.

—ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

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